

# APPLES OF EDEN

## A PRIVATE COLLECTION OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

Gathered from cowboys,  
college boys, and latino  
americanos by a liberal who  
does not believe that these  
choice morsels should be  
thrown out of American Lit-  
erature because of their  
vigorous and unconventional  
language. After all, a ma-  
nure pile by any other name  
would smell no better! And  
even a manure pile has its  
values.

A Prologue  
S. L. Johnson, LL.D.

(Spoken by Miss Bella de Lancy, on her retiring from the stage to open a fashionable bawdy house.)

When cunt first triumphed (as the learned suppose)  
O'er failing pricks, Immortal Dildo rose;  
From fucks unnumbered still erect he drew,  
Exhausted cunts, and then demanded new;  
Dame Nature saw him spurn her bounded reign  
And panting pricks toiled after him again;  
The laxest folds, the deepest depths he filled  
The juciest drained; the toughest hymens drilled.  
The fair lay gasping with extended limbs  
And unremitting cockstands stormed their quims.  
Then Frigging came, instructed from the School  
And scorned the aid of India-rubber tool.  
With restless finger fired the dormant blood  
Til Clitoris rose, shy, peeping through her hood.  
Gently was worked this titillating art,  
It broke no hymen, and scarce stretched the part;  
Yet lured its votaries to a sudden doom,  
And stamped Consumption's flush on Beauty's bloom.  
Sweet Gamahuche found softer ways to fane,  
It asked not Dildo's art, nor Frigging's flame.  
Tongue, not prick now probes the central hole,  
And mouth, not cunt, becomes prick's destined goal.  
She always found a sympathetic friend;  
And pleased limp pricks and those that could not spend.  
No tedious wait, for laboured stand delays  
The hot and panting cunt, which tongue allays.  
The taste was luscious, though the smell was strong,  
The fuck was easy, and would last so long.  
Til wearied tongues found gamahuching cloy,  
And pricks and cunts grew callous to the joy.  
Then, dulled by frigging, by mock pricks enlarged,  
Her noble duties Cunt but ill discharged.  
Her nymphae drooped, her devil's bite grew weak  
And twice two pricks might flounder in her creek,  
Til all the edge was taken off the bliss  
And Cunt's sole occupation was to piss.  
Forced from her former joys, with scoff and brunt,  
She saw great Arsehole lay the ghost of Cunt.  
Exulting buggers hailed the joyful day,  
And piles and hemorrhoides confirmed his sway.  
But who lust's future fancies can explore  
And mark the whimseys that remain in store?  
Perhaps it shall be deemed a lover's treat  
To suck the flowering quims of mares in heat;  
Perhaps where beauty held unequalled sway  
A Cochin fowl shall rival Mabel Gray,  
Nobles be ruined by Hyaena's smile  
And teats get short engagement from the Argyle.  
Hard is her lot, that here by Fortune placed,  
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;

Catch every whim, learn every bawdy trick,  
And chase the new-born bubbles of the prick;  
Ah, let not Censure term our fate "our choice,"  
The Bawd but echoes back the public voice.  
The Brothel's laws, the Brothel's patrons give,  
And those that live to please, must please to live,  
Then purge these growing follies from your hearts  
And turn to female arms and female arts.  
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign begin  
Of all the good, old-fashioned ways to sin:  
Clean, wholesome girls with lip, tongue, cunt, and hand,  
Shall raise, keep up, put in, take down a stand;  
Your bottoms shall by lily hands be bled,  
And birches blossom under every bed.

### Love

Nature, everywhere the same, imparts to man a lustful flame.  
In Russian snow or Indian fire, all men alike indulge desire.  
All alike feel passion's heat. All alike enjoyment greet.  
So that whereso'er you go, still the same voluptuous glow  
Throbs through every purple vein; thirsts enjoyment to obtain  
'Mongst the dark or with the fair, Woman is empress everywhere.

### The Origin of the Species

When Adam and Eve were first put into Eden,  
They never once thought of that pleasant thing--breeding  
Though they had not a rag to cover their front,  
Adam sported his prick and Eve sported her cunt.

Adam's prick was so thick and so long--such a teaser;  
Eve's cunt was so hairy and fat--such a breezer.  
Adam's thing was just formed any maiden to please,  
And his bollocks hung down very near to his knees.

Eve played with his balls and thought it no harm,  
He fingered her quim and ne'er felt alarm;  
He tickled her bubbies, she rubbed up his yard  
And yet for a fuck, why, they felt no regard.

But when Mrs. Eve did taste of the fruit  
It was then that her eyes first beheld Adam's root.  
Then he ate an apple, and after he'd done't  
Why then he first found out the value of cunt.

They say they made fig leaves, that's fiddle-de-dee,  
He wanted a quim, and quite ready was she.  
They gazed on their privates with mutual delight  
And she soon found a hole to put jock out of sight.

Then Adam soon laid Mrs. Eve on the grass,  
He popped in his prick, she heaved up her ass.  
He wriggled, she wriggled, they both stuck to one tether  
And she tickled his balls, 'til they both came together.

Since then, all her children are filled with desire,  
And the women a stiff stand<sup>in</sup>y prick all require!  
And no son of Adam will e'er take affront,  
For where is the man who can live without cunt!

Amen

Oh, cunt is a kingdom, and prick is its lord  
A whore is its slave and its mistress a bawd.  
Her quim is her freehold, which brings in her rent,  
Where you pay when you enter and leave when you're spent.

### The Wanton Lass

There was a lass they called bonny Bet  
With a jolly fat arse and a cunt black as jet;  
Her quim had long itched and she wanted, I vow,  
A jolly good fucking, but didn't know how.

She thought of a plan that might serve as the same,  
That herself she might shag without any shame.  
So a carrot she got, with a point rather blunt,  
And she rammed it and jammed it through parts up her cunt.

She liked it so well that she oft used to do it,  
'Til at length the poor girl had occasion to rue it.  
For, one day, when amusing herself at this whim,  
The carrot, it snapped, and part stuck in her quim.

She almost went mad with vexation at this.  
Indeed, it was time; the poor girl couldn't piss.  
The lass was in torture, no rest had poor Bet  
So at last an old doctor she was forced to get.

The doctor he came and she told him the case,  
Then with spectacles on and a very long face,  
He bid her turn up, though she scarcely was able,  
And pull up her petticoats over her navel.

Her clouts she held up, round her belly so plump,  
And he gave her fat arse such a hell of a thump  
That he made her cry out; though he did it so neat,  
That away flew the carrot, bang into the street.

Now a sweep passing by, he saw it come down  
Picked it up and he ate it and said with a frown,  
"By Gawd, it's not right, it's a damned shame I say  
That folks should throw buttered carrots away."

### The Meeting of the Waters

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet  
As the vale where the thighs of a pretty girl meet.  
Oh the last ray of feeling and life must depart  
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it is not that nature has shed o'er the scene  
The purest of red, the most delicate skin,  
'Tis not the sweet smell of the genital hill,  
Ah no, it is something more exquisite still.

'Tis because the last favors of woman are there  
Which make every part of her body more clear.  
We feel how the charms of nature improve  
When we bathe in the spendings of her whom we love.

Sweet Valley of Venus, how calm could I rest  
Deep, deep withinthee, on the girl I love best.  
When the throbs of fierce passion in ecstasy cease,  
And our hearts, like thy waters, are mingled in peace.

### Cunt

Cunt is a greedy unsatisfied glutton  
All women are ready to yield up their mutton  
Finger them, fuck them, and do as you please  
They have such an itching, you never can tease.  
Thrust in your penis from morning 'til night,  
Still they are ready to come with delight;  
Of bollocks and all you could give them galore,  
By God! They're so greedy, they cry but for more.  
Fuck 'til your penis no longer will stand,  
She still your bollocks will tease with her hand.  
Rub it and dawdle it over again  
Still she will have it, though writhing with pain.  
Let it be long, or let it be thick,  
Women are never contented with prick:  
And when all their power and vigour are past  
With prick in their hand, they will breathe out their last.

### The Wise Lover

Woman and man whenever inclined  
In mutual goodness pleasure find.  
The lawful spouse 'tis sweet to embrace  
In hopes of seeing a lengthened race,  
    But let who will the truth contest  
    Another's wife is still the best.

When I was young and slightly skilled,  
In blisses womankind can yield  
I loved the maid, I loved the piece  
But as my wit and years increase,  
    I own the sweetest sport in life  
    Is to enjoy another's wife.

A virgin coy, with sidelong eye  
Your mere approach at once will fly  
Abhors your nasty hot desires  
Nought less than marriage she requires.  
    Such maidenheads the wise detest  
    The adultery maidenhead's the best.

The vagrant nymph who sees her charms  
And fills in turn a thousand arms  
Besides the loss of gold and fame,  
My set Priapus in a flame,  
    Such fire-tailed comets God confound!  
    A wife is always safe and sound.

The genial flame I've oft allayed  
With buxom Kate, my chambermaid.  
And dozens such as her, but found  
Such sport with ills beset around.  
    He who at liberty would rest  
    Will find another's wife the best.

A mistress kept at first is sweet,  
And joys to do the merryfeat  
But bastards come and hundreds gone,  
You'll wish you left her charms alone  
    Such breeding hussies are a pest  
    A neighbor's wife is far the best.

If you are rash, a wife at first,  
May into horrid fury burst  
"Sir, you shall rue throughout your life  
The day you've kissed another's wife."  
    Reply, "My dear, this gives the zest  
    I always liked my neighbor's best."

Jove, I remember, when inclined  
To feast himself on womankind  
Though maids enough to him were free  
Always preferred adultery.

    He took the shape of bird or beast  
    And joyed in adultery's loving feast.

But while this naughty sport we sing  
Who can forget our gracious King (George IV)  
Him many a lady pleasure gives  
For which her husband pay receives  
God bless King George, his Majesty  
Is patron of Adultery!

I own the dangers of the suit .  
The sweetest is forbidden fruit,  
And laws as thick as hairs are tight  
Around this center of all delight.

This peril gives the highest zest,  
And guarded hoard is sure the best.

The wandering nymph your purse desires  
The chambermaid to rank aspires;  
Your wife content with marriage dues,  
All further license will refuse.

He who has put them to the test,  
Must own his neighbor's wife's the best.

#### Queen Bathsheba

Grass widows and princes! A warning I sing  
Of the sad wicked doings of David the King  
With Bathsheba, wife of poor Major, Uriah  
Who was bathing one day when the King chanced to spy her.

He was drinking upstairs and the weather was hot,  
And her window was open, a thing she forgot  
And the stark-naked beauty had not an idea,  
That while she was washing, a creature could see her.

She and her little sister were sporting together  
Enjoying the heat of the bright summer weather  
They bathed in the fountain and while they were washing  
Were romping all naked and leaping and splashing.

What man could resist such an awful temptation?  
He forgot he was King of the Sanctified Nation.  
He was filled with delight, and lewd admiration,  
And was mad for the raptures of fierce fornication.

Beware of the Devil, who seldom lies sleeping!  
So while she was washing and while he was peeping  
The King's living sceptre grew stiff as a rod  
"Nice mutton." Cried David, "I'll fuck her, by God!"

So calling a page, he desired him to go  
And inquire all about her. He answered, "I know  
The lady your Majesty's pleased to admire  
She's the wife of the valorous Major Uriah."

His Majesty answered, "Go fetch her, be quick!"  
Much conscience indeed has a stiff-standing prick!  
The page ran to call her; she put on a smock,  
And hurried to wait on his Majesty's jock.

One touch to her hand, one word to her ear,  
She fell on her back like a sweet willing dear--  
He was frantic with lust, but she seized his erection  
And put it at once in the proper direction.

She was girlish and lively, a heavenly figure  
With the cunt of an angel, and fucking with vigour  
He got her at once with child of a son  
And he said a long grace when the swiving was done.

So the lady went home and she very soon found  
Her belly was growing unluckily round.  
"This is an honour," she said, "I could hardly expect.  
Your Majesty now, must your handmaid protect."

"Never fear," cried the King, "I'll be your adviser  
I'll send for the Major, and no one's the wiser."  
So he sent for Uriah who speedily came  
But unluckily, never laid hands on the dame.

King David was puzzled; he made the man tipsy,  
But still he avoided the lewd little gypsy.  
David laid out a new plot, and his wish was fulfilled  
In the front of the battle, Uriah was killed.

### Julien's Concert

Now music being the food of love, I thought that I would go  
To Julien's concert, for I heard the price was very low.  
It being nearly eight o'clock, I toddled in right quick  
To hear the quadrille and to see great Julien shake his pr---  
His little staff about, and I've been told by jokers  
The ladies they do all agree he is the prince of pokers.  
The ladies they were highly dressed ---naked, almost stark,  
Their muslin hung thin enough to see the watermark;  
I gazed on one, a beauteous maid, her smile was bright and sunny.  
She'd a nice small mouth, and golden hair, and a fine full open  
cunny.

Being so, I introduced myself to her so gentle;  
She said she'd come there for an hour with something instrumental.  
I gently sat down at her side while glowing like a fire,  
The smile she gave me I must admit I really did admire.  
Said she, "The band is going to play." Said I "T'will shake  
the walls."

"Oh no," said she, "that's only when great Julien shakes his b---s.

Bunch of rosy locks, his staff so well displayed is,  
He knows full well a good long piece is sure to please the ladies."  
The names of all the instruments she then inquired about,  
Especially of the long brass thing that kept sliding in and out.  
The fingering of the double-bass she thought was rather slack,  
And wondered Julien should engage a man who's got the clap--  
Percs were an awful bore, and still she would insist on  
By telling her who'd get the horn and who the cornet a piston.  
She said she liked the clarinet, likewise the German flute--  
You all know well such instruments as do the ladies suit.  
The party parts they were so off they almost made us start  
And the bass tuba would come in just like a thundring fart  
Or peal of thunder; but not quite so loud and dinny.  
The French horn would pop in to join those other things so windy.  
The place got overpowering; our ears were tired of drumming  
Said she, "I feel I'm going. You'd better be a-coming."  
She took my arm, we left the place, I acted as conductor.  
I called a cab and on the road I freely furnished her with my ideas  
of Julien's improvements,  
And so wound up a grand duet with many pleasing movements.

### The Good Nobleman

Respected near and far  
There was a noble  
Marquis and Wallsend was the title that he bore,  
Who left his brother swells,  
To follow little girls  
And tell 'em not to do it anymore.

Said he, "A man's affair  
Isn't meant to go in there!"  
And his lordship put his finger on the spot  
But the wicked girls appalled  
The nobleman and called  
On God to paralyze each limb they'd got.

"You're private parts or cunny  
Should not be lent for money.  
"They're only meant to piss with." did he preach  
His ears he almost doubted  
When the little creatures shouted,  
"God blind us into bloody corpses each."

"You always should endeavor  
To stop a young man ever  
On any grounds from creeping up behind."  
And the noble thought he dreamed  
When the little creatures screamed  
"God strike us deaf, lame, dumb, and blind."

"You dissembling, bleeding, rotten,  
Bloody, cankerous, misbegotten  
Lump of shit rubbed over with a little sand!"  
The little children cried,  
For a cockstand they espied  
Within the noble breeches of their friend.

They were tearing down his breeches  
And his bitter cries and screeches,  
And his blushes would have melted hearts of snow.  
And the little creatures found,  
When they dragged him to the ground,  
That, while lecturing, he'd shot his noble roe.

### Soldier's Return

Ross returning from the wars  
Wearied out with wounds and jars  
Tells the tale of blood and strife  
War and suffering to his wife.  
"Never mind, dear Ross," she said,  
"Your tool is safe. Let's get to bed."

### Tragedy

To his bed he went sleepy and drunk, Oh! Very!  
He wanted to piss; felt about for the jerry,  
Took up by mischance a big mousetrap instead  
Which snapped off, Alas! his old gentleman's head.

### Tale of the Potter

Young Hodge he was a worthy wise  
A potter he by trade  
He fell in love with Martha Price.  
She was a parson's maid.  
This Hodge worked hard amongst his pans  
His pots, his mugs, his delf;  
He said, "A sad fate is a man's  
When he is by himself.  
Now soon I'll marry Martha Price  
A nice snug home I've got.  
The parson soon the knot shall splice,  
And we'll both piss in one pot."  
Then Hodge did make a pretty pot  
And took it to his love.

Said he, "I've brought this pot to show  
I mean your love to prove.  
How name the day, the happy day  
Whose night shall bring me bliss  
When your sweet cunt and my stiff prick  
Shall mingle in their piss."  
They married were within a week  
And Hodge was true in luck  
He took sweet Patty's maidenhead  
With his first vigourous fuck.  
Then in her arms he fell asleep,  
But started with affright  
And in the middle of his bed  
He sat up scared and white.  
"Oh love, oh love, I've had a dream,  
That caused me such a fright.  
I dreamed we both were in my shop  
And there I hugged you tight.  
I dreamed I went your cheek to kiss  
We romped with hugs and squeezes,  
When I knocked down the pots and pans  
And broke them into pieces."  
Then Martha answered with a laugh  
"No pots you've broke, good man;  
But much I fear this very night  
You've cracked a Patty pan.  
And from that night unto this day  
Hodge in that crack will pop  
A prick as thick as any brick  
But the crack he cannot stop.  
So maids beware! Heed well your pans  
With this my tale is ended:  
"If your pan is cracked by the prick of a man,  
It never can be mended!"

### The Old Dildoe

The beds were all made in the bawdy house fine  
And the whores were rejoicing in gin and wine,  
And the old bawd herself, dressed out so gay  
Was making them drunk on Christmas day.  
And there was "Peg Watkins", the brothel's delight  
Got lewd ~~on~~ a cove, who was there that night.  
And she said to herself "If I don't have a go  
I'll content myself with the old Dildoe."

"Oh, I'm weary of drinking," Peg now did cry,  
"Come upstairs with me Joey, and have a shy."  
But Joey determined to stick to gin  
And wouldn't leave liquor to have "put in."  
Peg cursed him and told him to go to hell  
But drunk as a fart, from the chair he fell  
So away she ran with her blood in a glow  
Determined to try the old Dildoe.

To the old bawd's bedroom at once she went  
To seize upon the implement.  
She looked in the cupboard, she looked in the pot,  
She searched high and low but found it not.  
She rushed to the couch, she searched the bed  
Underneath the pillow she spied its head  
She seized it and cried, "Full well I know,  
Far better than Joe is the old Dildoe."

She flew with the treasure into her room  
(Its size was the handle of a broom)  
Oh! what ecstatic moments she passed there  
As she threw up her legs on the back of a chair.  
Through each vein in her body the fire lurked  
Surely and quickly the implement worked.  
Face her, back her, stop her? No! No!  
Faster and faster flew the old Dildoe.

Minutes soon passed and the hours flew by,  
When suddenly there came a fearful cry,  
Which was followed at once by a terrible scream  
Which awoke the whores from their drunken dream.  
They all jumped up in a hell of a fright,  
In an empty gin bottle, they stuck a light;  
And the old bawd herself away did go  
To look after the safety of the old Dildoe.

But the old bawd very soon did return  
With a look of pain and of deep concern.  
For her heart was filled with a dire remorse  
As she told the whores of her fearful loss  
She questioned them all and implored them to tell  
Where the treasure had gone that she loved so well;  
When one of them said, "I think I know.  
Peg Watkins is using your old Dildoe!"

Away they all flew to Peggy's room,  
But oh! 'Twas filled with smoke and fume,  
And a terrible stench came forth from the bed,  
Where poor Peggy lay all burnt and dead.  
Sad, sad was her fate when instead of a fuck,  
With the old Dildoe she had tried her luck.  
And when at the long digs she so hard did go,  
It caught fire with the friction--the old Dildoe!

### Birdie

He was a bloody sparrow  
Lived up a bloody spout  
There came a bloody thunderstorm  
And washed the bugger out.

But in a bloody minute  
It stopped, the bloody rain,  
And the bloody little sparrow  
Went up the spout again.

### Sweet Alice

Oh do you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,  
Sweet Alice with cunt soft and brown;  
How she'd grin with delight when you gave her a quid  
And how quickly she'd fetch a prick down?  
The girl has now gone to decay, Ben Bolt  
That soft luscious quim is now dry.  
And that lump of delight is a bag of dry bones  
That wouldn't please you Ben, nor I.  
Had she stuck to the Navy, I vow, Ben Bolt,  
She'd be alive and kicking today  
But a bloody big soldier got round our poor girl  
And turned the poor moll into clay.  
He gave her no cash, but he gave her the pox  
He fucked her while we were away.  
And true to his set, he fucked her to death,  
And he often got in the back-way.  
Now she is dead, and he's off abroad,  
There that cuss had just better stay.  
For if he comes near me, my toe in his arse  
Will remind him of our comrade's play.

### Social Security Song

"When Father's Sixty-five, It'll be Pretty Soft for Mother"

### Irish Rose

There was an old Irishman, who in England did dwell,  
He had a young daughter, a very fine gal.  
Now, he, he was rich in silver and gold,  
And she, she was sweet sixteen years old.  
They were out walking in the garden one day,  
To him she did whisper, to him she did say,  
"Oh father, oh father, I'd love to be wed,  
I love to be screwed on a new feather bed."  
"Oh daughter, oh daughter, you'd better wait o'er,  
You'd better stay single a year or two more.  
Your frame is too tender, your skin is too thin,  
Your box is too small, no pricks could get in."

"Oh father, oh father, you're a liar I know,  
For I've tried my young handsome two, three days ago."  
"Oh daughter, oh daughter, you drive me to shame,  
I'll spank your little ass all over your frame."  
His daughter he caught her, her ass he spanked well,  
Now take your young handsome and damn him to hell!

### Goop Verses

Horace Witherspoon G. Bates  
Sits all day and masturbates.  
Revelling in its evil thrills,  
Heedless of all future ills.  
Goops who trifle with their tails,  
Land in hospitals and jails.

Mary Elizabeth G. Cowles  
Could not stand the thought of bowels.  
Fainted when she had to do  
Just a teeny number two.  
Goops who neglect their defecation,  
Die of chronic constipation.

Rufus Jennings Q. O'Brien  
Tried to masturbate a lion.  
Trifling with the kingly cock,  
He was ripped from head to hock.  
For Goops who monkey with Old Leo,  
Gloria in excelsus Deo.

### Whorehouse Days

Born in a whorehouse, raised as a slave,  
Drinkin' and fuckin' is all that I crave.  
Bustin' out windows, breakin' down doors,  
Tradin' good women for broken down whores.  
Come on Madge! Make me a toddy!  
I want to get drunk and fuck everybody!

Here comes Old Claire, the slimy bitch,  
With ulcered tongue and the seven-year-itch.  
Green matter grows between her toes,  
And slimy snot runs from her nose.  
Before I'd lie between those thighs  
And suck those cancered teats,  
I'd drink one pint of buzzard puke  
And bathe in liquid shit.

## The Cardinals Be Damned

Chorus:

The Cardinals be damned boys, the Cardinals be damned.  
The Cardinals be damned boys, the Cardinals be damned.  
If any Stanford son-of-a-bitch don't like the Blue and Gold,  
He can pucker up his rosy lips and kiss the Bear's ass-hole.

Verses:

Harvard's run by Princeton, Princeton's run by Yale,  
Yale is run by Vassar, Vassar's run by tail.  
Stanford's run by ten-inch prick, they say it's raised by hand  
The masturbating sons-o-bitches, the ass-holes of the land.

If I had a little girl I'd dress her all in green  
And send her down to Stanford to coach the Cardinal team,  
But if I had a little boy I'd dress him all in Blue  
And he'd shout to hell with Stanford like his daddy used to do.

Come listen all ye maidens, come listen unto me,  
Never trust a Stanford man an inch above your knee.  
He'll take you down to Menlo and fill you full of fizz,  
And inside of half an hour your maiden head'll be his.

If we find a Stanford man within our sacred walls,  
We'll take him up the big C hill and amputate his balls,  
And if that doesn't hold him, I'll tell you what we'll do  
We'll stuff his ass with broken glass and seal it up with glue.

Here's to Tiny Thornhill, the dirty son-of-a-bitch,  
I hope he dies with clap and siph combined with the seven-year-itch.  
Taking his cock as a radius, dissecting his balls in space,  
You can prove by the law of limits, that his ass resembles his face.

I wish I had a cock of steel and balls of solid brass  
I'd find a marble statue and ram it up it's ass  
I'd breed a race of giants to roam throughout the land  
To swell the mighty chorus of the Cardinals be Damned.

## The Saga of the Swede

Ay vas yust wan Swede called Ole  
And ay want for dress up nice,  
So ay go by wan close shop  
Yust to ask for some advice.

So ay go inside the yoint  
And dot guy yump right up and down  
Say he sell da bes' dam closes  
Vat dey got in das har town.

He vas show me some new pances  
Vit van zipper for make pee,  
An' ay tank, by ympin gudeness  
Dat look purty good to me.

So ay feel so galldarn dress up  
Dat ay tank ay look all right  
Ay talafone may Olga  
Ay make date wit hur wan nite.

And ay tank dat wit dat zipper  
All fix up for work so slick,  
Ay skall go to vork on Olga  
If she let me, purty quick.

So,----Ay fool around a little  
An' she say she tank she might,  
So ay start for vork may zipper,  
'Cause ay tank it vork all right.

Ay vas reach for find dat handle  
Yust for give it wan gude yerk  
An' vot you tank? Dat galldarn ting  
Ay couldn't make it vork.

An' Olga she vas all cool off  
Ay lose van dam gude chance,  
So from now on, ay tell you  
Ay have buttons on may pants.

Don't

you

tank

dat

gude

16

idea!

## One-ball Riley

When we sat in old Riley's store,  
Telling tales of blood and slaughter;  
Came the thought into my mind,  
Why don't I shag old Riley's daughter?

Refrain:

Tiddley-I-ee, tiddley-I-oo.  
Tiddley-I-ee for one-ball Riley,  
Rig-a-jig jig, balls and all,  
Rub-a-dub dub, shag on!

I grabbed the old wench by the arm,  
And then I threw the left leg over,  
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more,  
Shagged until the fun was over.

Refrain:

Came a knock upon the door,  
Who should it be but her Goddamned father;  
Two horse-pistols in his hands,  
Looking for the guy that shagged his daughter.

Refrain:

I grabbed that bastard by the balls,  
Shoved his head in a pail of water,  
Rammed those pistols up his ass,  
Damned sight farther than I shagged his daughter.

Refrain:

As I go walking down the street,  
People shout from every corner,  
There goes that Goddamned son-of-a-bitch,  
The guy that shagged old Riley's daughter.

Refrain:

Deah Old Britain  
Tune: The Little Brown Jug

Hore-Belisha stands for war--  
Then we have Sir Samuel Hoare.  
But can they save the country yet  
With a couple of Hoares in the cabinet?

Refrain:

Ha Ha Ha! He He He!  
Go and lobby your M. P.  
Ask him if he's ready yet  
To pull the chain on the cabinet?

Then we have Sir Earnest Brown--  
If you try to speak, he shouts you down.  
But can they save the country yet  
With a little bit of Brown in the cabinet?

Refrain:

How long has the chamber lain  
Without being emptied down the drain?  
But can they save the country yet  
With a Chamberlain in the cabinet?

Refrain:

## Bell-bottomed Trouzers

Once I was a lady's maid down in Drury's lane  
My mistress she was good to me, my master was the same.  
Along came a sailor as merry as could be,  
And he was the cause of all my miserie.

Refrain:

Singing bell-bottomed trouzers; coats of navy blue,  
He'll climb the riggin' like his daddy used to do.  
Sea bags on his shoulder, hair upon his knee,  
That's the kind of Sailor that I like to sleep with me.

He asked me for a candle to light his way to bed,  
He asked me for a kerchief to tie about his head.  
And I like a silly girl thinking it no harm,  
Climbed into the sailor's bed to keep the Sailor warm.

Refrain:

Early in the morning about the break of day,  
He handed me a 5-pound note and this to me did say,--  
"Maybe you'll have a daughter, maybe you'll have a son,  
But take this my darling for the damage I have done."

Refrain:

If you have a daughter, bounce her on your knee,  
If you have a son send the bastard out to sea.  
The moral to this tale so far as I can see,  
Is never let a sailor put his hand above your knee.

Refrain:

The Bastard King of England  
(A version of Rudyard Kipling's famous poem which is commonly sung by American college boys.)

Oh the minstrils sing of a Bastard King  
Who lived long years ago--  
He ruled his land with an iron hand  
And a mind that was weak and low.  
His hair was long and wooly  
And his beard was full of fleas  
And he had one helluva, helluva jock  
That hung below his knees.

Chorus:

All, Hail, the Bastard King of England!

Now the only garment that he wore  
Was a leather undershirt.  
He wore the hide to hide the hide,  
But it didn't hide the dirt.  
He loved to hunt the royal stag  
That roamed the royal wood  
But of all the sports he loved the best  
To pull the royal pud.

Oh the Queen of Spain was a sprightly dame  
And a comely wench was she  
But she loved to play with the terrible tool  
Of the King across the sea.  
So she sent a royal message  
By a royal messenger  
To ask the King to come to Spain  
To spend the night with her.

Now Phillip of France, he shit in his pants  
He turned and said to his court  
"My God! She loves the Bastard just  
Because my tool is short."  
So he sent the Count of Siphyllssap  
To give the Queen the clap  
To pass on to the Bastard King  
And trap our dear Old England.

When the news of this disaster  
Reached the merry English Halls  
The King he swore by the crown he wore  
He'd have the Frenchman's balls.  
So he offered half his kingdom  
And a crack at Queen Hortense  
And a pot of gold to the knight so bold  
Who would nut the King of France.

Thus the royal Duke of Suffolk  
Betook himself to France,  
He swore he was a fruiter

And the King pulled down his pants.  
Then around his prong he threw a thong  
And merrily, merrily galloped along  
And dragged him back to the shores of merry England.

Well, the King threw up his breakfast  
And he wallowed on the floor  
For in the ride, King Phillip's pride  
Had stretched a yard or more.  
The ladies of the kingdom all came down to London town  
They gazed on the Frenchman's pride and said--  
"To hell with the British Crown!"

Thus Phillip of France usurped the throne:  
His only sceptre was his bone  
With which he overruled the King of England.

### A Village Fantasy

Under the spreading chestnut tree  
The village 'alf-wit sat,  
Amusing himself by abusing himself,  
An' a-catching it in his hat.

### Natural History

The camel's carnal desires  
Are greater than a person thinks  
For when fired with amorous passion  
He tries to make love to the Sphinx

But the Sphinx's posterior opening  
Is blocked by the sands of the Nile  
Which accounts for the hump on the camel  
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

### 'Ray for Wisconsin!

Go out among the willows  
Swell out your breasts like billows  
And let your pudgy buttocks sway.  
For on the shores of Lake Mendota  
The gals all get their quota  
In the good old fashioned way.

## Betty Coed: A Parody

Betty Coed has gone to bed with Harvard,  
Betty Coed has slept with Yale's whole crew,  
Betty Coed has put the blocks to Princeton,  
Her dress I guess was raised by old Purdue.  
Betty Coed 's a deal with Pennsylvania  
Fondling her tits is South Dakota's joy 'tis said.  
Betty Coed was made by every college boy.  
But I'm the one that got her maidenhead.

## Put on Your Old Green Bustle

Put on your old green bustle,  
And get out and hustle  
For the rent is far past due.  
Plant your fanny in the clover,  
Let the boys look it over  
If you cant take five, take two.

## Get Out the Old Blue Ointment

Get out the old blue ointment  
It's the crab's disappointment.  
Take a bath three times a day.  
Holy moses how it itches!  
But it gets the sons-a-bitches  
In the good old fashioned way.

## Put on the Old Pink Panties

Put on the old pink panties  
That used to be your auntie's,  
And we'll go rompin' in the hay.  
Now there's no need startin' duckin'  
For your goin' to get a fuckin',  
In the good old fashioned way.

## A Wish

If I had the prick of a stud horse,  
And the balls of a big buffalo,  
I would climb to the top of the mountain  
And piss on you all here below.

## Prison Life

In the prison cell I sit  
With me fingers in me shit,  
Watching bedbugs playing shinny on the floor.  
And the hair is growing thick  
From me asshole to me prick,  
And I'll never see me ballicks any more.  
And the ladies as they pass  
See me bare and naked ass  
And the shadow of me bunghole on the floor.  
Then I'll let a blowing fart,  
Blow the prison walls apart  
And I'll never join the army anymore.

## School Days

School days, school days,  
Good old golden rule days  
First you get blue balls and then you get clap,  
And then you get hell from your mammy and pap.  
And then to the doctor you must go,  
And get old John wrapped up in calico.  
When you wrote on my slate,  
"I burnt you so"  
When we were a couple of kids.

## A Moorish Fantasy

It was Christmas Eve in the harem,  
The best night of the year  
And all the eunuchs were happy  
For their guts were full of beer.  
Then the Sultan's voice rang out aloud  
Through those ancestral halls,  
"What'll you have for Christmas boys?"  
The eunuchs all said, "Balls!"

## Birdie

There was a little bird  
With a belly full of terd,  
Who flew to a telegraph pole.  
There he ruffled up his neck  
And he shit about a peck,  
Then he closed up his little asshole.

### When She Wore Her Teddies

When she wore her teddies  
Her little pink teddies,  
And I wore my underclothes,  
First I caressed her  
And then I undressed her,  
Oh boy! what a figure she exposed!  
Her tits they were beauties,  
They had tips like red rubies  
And down where the soft hair grows,  
It was half past eleven  
When she said she was in heaven  
And I whitewashed her little red rose.

### The Big Black Bull

The big black bull came down from the mountain,  
Houston, Sam Houston.  
The big black bull came down from the mountain,  
Long years ago.  
Long years ago--oh--oh--oh  
Long years ago.  
The big black bull came down from the mountain,  
Long years ago.

He wiped his ass on a white oak sapling,  
Houston, Sam Houston, etc.

He saw a heifer grazing in a pasture,  
Houston, Sam Houston, etc.

He jumped that fence and he jumped that heifer,  
Houston, Sam Houston, etc.

He missed his mark and he pfftt on the ground,  
Houston, Sam Houston, etc.

His cock went limp and his balls were a-draggin',  
Houston, Sam Houston, etc.

The big black bull went back exhausted,  
Houston, Sam Houston, etc.

### The Boar

Of all the beasts that roam the wood  
I'd rather be a boar.  
I'd climb upon some old sows back  
And fuck for evermore.

## A Little Girl in Yellow

A shady nook,  
A babbling brook,  
A little girl all dressed in yellow.  
A little bliss  
From this sweet miss,  
He was a lucky fellow!

Nine days passed by,  
He heaved a sigh,  
A sigh of pain and sorrow.  
Two pimples pink  
Lay on his dink  
And there'll be more tomorrow.

Nine months passed by,  
She heaved a sigh,  
A sigh of pain and sorrow.  
Two ugly mutts  
Lay in her guts,  
And they'll be out tomorrow.

More days passed by,  
She still did sigh,  
A sigh of pain and sorrow.  
Two little shits  
Were at her tits,  
And he got fucked, poor fellow!

## Redwing

There once lived an Indian maid,  
Who always was afraid,  
That some buckeroo  
Would slip it up her slough  
As she lay sleeping, dreaming in the shade.  
She had an idea grand.  
She filled her box with sand,  
So no buckeroo  
Could make a pass at her,  
And reach the promised land.

Now the sun shines bright 'round pretty Redwing.  
As she lies sleeping,  
There comes a-creeping,  
A cowboy brave with eyes a-gleaming  
His cock a-standing,  
With promised joy.

## We're a Bunch of Bastards

We're a bunch of bastards,  
Scum of the earth.  
We're from the U. of C.,  
The asshole of the earth,  
And all the Universe;  
Oh, we're a bunch of fairies,  
Morphodites are we.  
We'd rather fuck than fight  
For victory.

## The Sow

Of all the beasts that roam the wood,  
I'd rather be a sow.  
I'd curl my tail above my back,  
And say, "Hop to it now!"

## A Young Cowboy

I jumped in my saddle  
And went to my doc.  
He pulled down my pants,  
And out went my cock.  
He examined it carefully,  
I said it was sore.  
He said, "You've been fucking  
That damned little whore."

## Invitation

Come over to the bunkhouse,  
It's nice and shady there.  
The wind blew up the side of her snatch,  
And tickled her curly hair.

## Contempt

Tickle my hairy belly,  
Smell of my slimy slough.  
Then kiss my ass, you son-of-a-bitch,  
I'm one of the whorey crew.

Now this buckeroo was wise,  
So he pried in between her thighs,  
He put a gum boot  
On the end of his root,  
And he opened up Redwing's eyes.  
Little Redwing came to life  
And grabbed her Bowie knife,  
With one quick pass  
She cut the balls from his ass,  
And now this cowboy's through.

Now the moon shines bright on pretty Redwing;  
As she lies snoring,  
There hangs a warning.  
Two cowboys balls are now adorning  
The flap on  
Her wigwam door.

### Little Ball of Yarn

One sunny day in June  
When the flowers were in bloom,  
And the birds were singing gaily on the barn;  
I met a pretty miss  
And I simply asked her this,  
"Can I weave it in that little ball of yarn?"

She gave me her consent  
So behind the fence we went  
Not a-knowin' that we had so many charms;  
There I laid her on the ground  
And I lifted up her gown,  
And I wove it in that little ball of yarn.

It was nine days after that  
In the doctor's chair I sat  
Not a-knowin' that she done me any harm;  
And the doctor there in white  
Said "Young man you've got to fight!  
You've been weaving in that little ball of yarn."

It was nine months after that  
In the same damned room I sat  
Not a-knowin' that I done her any harm;  
And the officer in blue,  
Said, "Young man I'm after you.  
You've been weaving in that little ball of yarn."

### Red Hot Cowboy

Rippity-shit! And away she went  
The crack of her snatch got red as a cent.  
And every time I hit the root,  
It made her old ass go rootity-toot!

### Admiration

Said the little red hen  
To the big black duck,  
"You look like hell,  
But you sure can swim!"

### Small Fry

Fire in the mountains, run boys run,  
Girls in the bushes having lots of fun.  
Up with the petticoats, down with the breeches,  
In with the pollywogs, sixteen inches!

### Resurrection

Fire in the mountains, snakes in the grass,  
An old man died with a cob up his ass.  
The cob flew out and the wind blew in,  
And the old man came to life again.

### Africa

A monkey and a baboon, sitting on a binder,  
The monkey stuck his finger up the baboon's hinder.  
The baboon said, "God Damn your soul!  
Stick your fingers up your own asshole!"

### Sidewalks of New York

East Side, West Side,  
All around the town  
The boys and girls are playing  
"Stick your finger up your brown."  
Johnny got excited  
And slipped Marie the pork,  
And now she's carrying a baby  
On the sidewalks of New York.

## The Big Game

The game was played on Sunday,  
'Twas in St. Peter's yard;  
Jesus, He played halfback,  
And Moses, he played guard.  
The angels on the sidelines,  
Their voices they did blend  
When Jesus made a touchdown  
Around St. Peter's end.

Refrain:

Hold 'em Christ! Hold 'em Christ!  
Jesus on the one yard line,  
He can tackle Goddam fine.  
Hold 'em Christ! Hold 'em Christ!  
Hold 'em! Poke 'em! Jesus, soak 'em!  
Hold 'em Christ!

Jesus tried a placement,  
While Moses held the ball;  
The boys from Heaven determined  
To stop Hell's forward wall.  
But Jesus missed the placement,  
The kick didn't go so well;  
The Devil got by Moses,  
And blocked it all to Hell.

Refrain:

Hold 'em Christ! Hold 'em Christ!  
The Devil, he did block that kick;  
He got in there Goddam quick.  
Hold 'em Christ! Hold 'em Christ!  
Hold 'em! Poke 'em! Jesus, soak 'em!  
Hold 'em Christ!

## Poems

Arthur Guiterman

No tree of timber, bark and phloem  
Is half as lovely as a poem.

A poem beautiful and grand,  
If somewhat hard to understand;

A poem full of words, and scores  
Of similes and metaphors;

A poem that is true and fine,  
And sends a thrill along the spine;

A poem musical and sweet,  
With rhyme and rhythm quite complete,  
That may be sung both high and low,  
And broadcast on the radio.

Trees? Nonsense! Any fool can grow 'em;  
But it takes brains to write a poem!

Take Care with Whom you Walk, Son  
Pearl M. Nelson

Take care with whom you walk, Son,  
In the soft, bright light of the moon.  
There is danger, and pleasure divine, lad,  
In the soft, bright light of the moon.  
When each leaf is a black silhouette, lad,  
In the soft, bright light of the moon,  
A girl's face turns angel  
In the soft, bright light of the moon.  
A girl's two eyes are deep cool pools  
In the soft, bright light of the moon,  
Where you'll want to swim till you die, lad,  
In the soft, bright light of the moon;  
And her sweet, red lips that look like love  
In the soft, bright light of the moon  
Can draw your own till you're mad as day  
In the soft, bright light of the moon;  
But those two pale hands that cling so frail  
In the soft, bright light of the moon  
Can grasp like iron in the light of day.  
So take care how you walk, Son,  
In the soft, bright light of the moon.

¡Viva la Republica!

Si pública es la mujer  
Que por puta es conocida,  
República viene a ser  
La puta más corrompida;  
Y siguiendo el proceder  
De esta lógica absoluta,  
Todo aquél que se reputa  
De la Republica hijo  
Viene a ser, a punto fijo,  
El hijo de una gran puta.

### El Carajo

¡Ay que palabra! A su inventor bendigo,  
Que tanta dicha a los mortales trajo,  
Cuando inspirado por celeste musa dijo,  
¡Carajo!

El extranjero, la primera palabra  
Que aprende y dice sin ningún trabajo  
Es la celeste interjección de España,  
Es el Carajo.

### The Thing

Pussy is a funny thing,  
It makes a man a fool.  
It takes away his worries  
And wears away his tool.  
When a man gets on a woman  
And hasn't long to stay;  
His head is full of nonsense  
And his ass is full of play.  
Though he gets on like a lion,  
He gets off like a lamb;  
And when he buttons up his pants  
He isn't worth a damn.

### What the Girls of Different Nationalities Say After Having been Indiscreet:

- The Italian Girl: "Now you will hate me."  
The Spanish Girl: "I will love you forever."  
The Swedish Girl: "Ay tank ay go home, ay vant to be alone."  
The Russian Girl: "You have my body, but my soul is free."  
The German Girl: "After we rest, we go to a beer garden, no?"  
The English Girl: "'Twas nice, may we do it again sometime?"  
The French Girl: "Oui, Monsieur, now you will buy me a beautiful dress?"  
The American Girl: "Jesus Christ, I must have been drunk!  
What did you say your name was?"

### The World's Shortest Love Story

Once upon a girl a boy had a time.

### Epitaph

Here lies the body of Screwey Dick,  
Who was cursed from birth with a corkscrew prick.  
He spent all his life in a fruitless hunt  
In search of a girl with a spiral cunt.  
When he finally found her, he dropped down dead,  
For the Goddam thing had a left-hand thread.

### California Engineers' Yell

Piss once! Piss twice!  
Holy jumpin' Jesus Christ!  
Son-of-a-bitch! Goddam!  
STANFORD! SHIT!

### Don't Be Misled

He tried me on the sofa  
He tried me on the chair  
He tried me on the window sill  
But couldn't ge it there.  
He tried me lying on the couch  
I stood against the wall,  
I even sat upon the floor  
It wouldn't work at all.  
He tried in this and that way,  
Oh, how I did laugh  
To see how many ways he tried  
---to take my photograph.

### A Toast

Here's to the American Eagle,  
That wondrous bird of prey;  
Who lives and breeds in Illinois  
And shits in Ioway.

### To Rest

Here's to a moment of sweet repose  
Tummy to tummy, toes to toes  
After a moment of sweet delight  
It's fanny to fanny the rest of the night.

To Eve:

Here's to Eve the Mother of our race  
Who always wore the fig leaf in the right place.  
Here's to Adam the Father of us all  
Who was Johnny-on-the-spot  
When the leaves began to fall.

To a Sweetheart:

Here's to you sweetheart  
May you live as long as you want  
And want as long as you live.  
And if you want and I'm asleep wake me,  
And if I don't, damn it make me.

Boredom

I'm tired of all this virtue  
I'm tired of all this sin  
I'm tired of all wines and whiskies  
Of all the beer and gin.  
I'm tired of the Big Apple  
I'm tired of this Truckin'.  
And after last night  
Am I tired, Oh Boy!

"Here They Ah!"

Amos and Andy

Andy--Amos, I's in trouble again.

Amos--What's the matter now, Andy?

Andy--Well, Amos, you know Madam Queen and I been keepin' company for a long time, and I hates to tell you, Amos, but we has been havin' recourse.

Amos--Well, I'll be doggoned, ain't that sumpin?

Andy--Yeah, and things is bad now, Amos, cause the Madam hain't demonstrated for three months. Today I takes her to the doctor and that old saw-bones charged me \$2 and skairt de life out of me by saying de Madam was fragrant.

Amos--Um, um, you sho is in a mess now. What you gonna do?

Andy--Well, the doctor he say I is going to take de Madam to a fraternity home.

Amos--Well, I'll be doggoned, what you mean, fraternity home?

Andy--Amos, you sho is dum. Now I'll resplain the propolition to you. A fraternity home is where they takes people that am frugrant, fix 'em so they dun demonstrate and put 'em in shape for recourse again.

Amos--Um, um, ain't that sumpin'?

### A Street Car Comedy

A lady about seven months pregnant got on a street car and sat next to a man. She noticed him smiling. Being humiliated, she changed her seat. This time his smile changed to a grin. She changed her seat again. He seemed more amused than ever. When, for the fourth time she changed her seat, he burst out laughing. She could not bear it any longer and complained to the conductor and had the man arrested. The case came up in court and the judge asked the man if he had anything to say. "Well, your honor, it was like this," he replied.

"When the lady sat beside me I could not help but notice her condition and she sat under a sign which read "Use Sloan's Linament to reduce that swelling," and I had to smile to myself. Then she moved under a sign which read "Gold Dust Twins are coming." This made me grin. Then she moved under the sign, "William's Stick did the trick," and I could hardly hold myself, and when she moved for the fourth time and sat beneath the sign which read "Goodyear Rubber would have prevented this accident," I just laughed out loud."

"Case dismissed," said the judge.

### Hay Fever (From Scribner's Magazine)

We are always more or less irritated with other people's sex life, and at a loss to understand two other people fraught with desire under the elms. Our own necking seems entirely normal, but all other snugglers seem a little out of their heads, if not even slightly disgusting. It is always a little bit nauseating to imagine Jim and Betty in the boudoir together. We should never try.

As I write this, I find myself carrying this loathing-for-the-other-fellow's-sex-life into the very world of plants.

There are a lot of locust trees outside my window, lush with the mating instinct. I am actually sickened by their unbrushed effort to reproduce--under my very nose. Their rich pollen, perhaps sweetly odoriferous to many people, is repugnant to me. I am torn from stem to stern with violent hay fever as a result of the floating, flying, ubiquitous love powders of those damned locust trees or something else in the vicinity.

Maybe only God can make a tree, but I wish He could make new little baby trees without tearing the lining out of my nasal tract clear down to my diaphragm. I wish He had put trees on feet or wheels so that they could get about at night and mate like the rest of us instead of broadcasting their amour dust into the air for miles around and into my pathological nostrils.

### Society Women are Immoral

A colored woman was applying for a new place to work. When asked why she left her formerplace, she replied: "Yessum, dey paid good, but dat was de mos' rediklus place I'se ever been. Deys plays a game dey call bridge, an' jes as I was fixing to bring in de refreshments, I hears a man say to a woman: 'Take yo' hand off my trick!' I jes pretty near dropped dead, when bless my soul, I hears annuder man say: 'Lay down, and les see what you got;' an den annuder lady say: 'You got length but yo' ain't got strength!' Well, I jes up an' gets my hat, 'cos' I knows dat place ain't fo me, an' jes as I am leaving, I hopes to die if a man didn't say: 'Well, I guess I'll stop now, as dis am de last rubber.' An' doggone if she didn't say: 'Lay down your dummy an' let me play with it.' NO'm--I'se a lady, an' I jes couldn't stay dar!"

### The Ballad of the Spurned Sperm (or The Egg that was Poached)

Once a little sperm did see  
An egg in his proximity;  
And having nothing else to do  
Decided he the egg would woo.

He flicked his tail and darted straight  
Toward the egg, to propagate  
The race of which he was a part;  
And so he swam with happy heart.

Alas, when on the scene he came.  
He spied another sperm with same  
Intent and purpose swimming there,  
And heavy tension filled the air.

He eyed his rival scornfully,  
But then he eyed him mournfully.  
For plainly could our sperm disdern,  
His rival was a better sperm.

But unafraid our hero said:  
"Begone before I strike you dead!"  
His rival leered and rushed at him,  
And there ensued an awful din.

With bodies locked in fierce embrace,  
They strove to smash each other's face;  
And cytoplasmic bits did fly,  
As each at each spat in the eye.

These mighty mites fought half the night,  
When suddenly they ceased to fight;  
For lo! they did a sight behold  
Which left their bodies strangely cold.

Their lady fair was gone, you see;  
They gazed upon vacuity;  
The fickle egg had scrambled off  
To wed a somewhat tougher toff.

Our hero bade his former foe  
A fond adieu, and then with slow  
Sad strokes he swam until  
A sudden thought his head did fill.

"Bah!" cried he, "and why should I  
Sit 'round and mope and pine and sigh;  
And think of all that I shall miss  
While he enjoys connubial bliss."

"For I am young, and strong, and free,  
And still have my identity,  
While he is now a diffuse mass  
Within that protoplasmic lass."

In happier mood he swam away,  
Singing a spermy roundelay,  
Carving a tiny foamy path  
With his little aftermath.

Chorus

Spermy wermy plug away,  
You may win another day,  
And become a Greek or Jap,  
You cute potential homo-sap.

## The Ballad of the Spurned Sperm II

Once again we sing the story of the sad and melancholy  
Circumstances that attended the adventures of the sperm  
Who, though willing to be plighted, found his love was unrequited  
And responded to such treatment with thickened epiderm.

And the more he thought it ova, why, the more he thought it ova,  
And he came to the conclusion that he'd picked a fickle gal;  
So to sublimate his rancor, he pulled up the well-known anchor,  
And began an exploration of the genital canal.

Over hills and over valleys, with his trusty gun and camera,  
This young Lochinvar attempted to forget his sweetheart-ex.  
But it brought him little solace, so exclaiming "Das ist alles!"  
He curled up behind some rugae to philosophize on sex.

"Oh I wish I could recover the security and comfort  
Of the days when I was just a gay and happy spermatid.  
But, impelled by carnal urg'ns, I renounced my status virgin,  
And went out to see the seamy side of life--I'll say I did!"

"Take me back to the seclusion of the land of maturation,  
Where the temperature is lower and a man could raise a thirst.  
Let me sit there by the hour reading Arthur Schopenhauer  
Till I'm old and lean and haggard--and I dehydrate or burst."

In such agonizing grief did this poor sperm bewail his fortune,  
As he lay there contemplating the vicissitudes of life.  
But too soon, though far from overjoyed, (As prophesied by Dr.  
Freud)

His mind again disposed itself to thoughts about a wife.

Now the truth is poor old sperm was already in the clutches  
Of senescence--though of course he wouldn't hear of such a thing.  
But his chromosomes were dying, and his aftermath was lying  
Tout en fatigue--he was in short, a bee without a sting.

Thus he died, another victim of ill-timed procrastination  
And the cilia bowed low in deferens as end approached,  
And his face grew cyanotic; but from out his lips necrotic  
Came the whispered name of his true love--the ovum that was  
poached.

Chattanocka, Tenn.

Dere cusin,

Yer uncle has a job at last, the first time he has wurked in 48 yeres.

We are rich now, 17.25 every Toosday so we sent to Sears, Robuk for wun of them there new fangled bathrooms like the folks have up north. It cam an we got her all put rite.

You shud see it. Over on one side of the room is a big long thing like the pigs drink out of, only you kin get in an take a bath all at wunce. Over in the other side of the room is a litel wite gajet hanging to the wal called a sinc. This is fur lite washin like fase an hans.

They sent us a role of riting paper, but it is kinda cheep and rips easy so I dont use it.

But over in the uther korner, WOW, they gotta thing there that you put wun foot in an skrub it til it gets clene, then you pull the chane an git fresh watter fur the uther foot.

Yurs truly,

Cusin Maryloo

P.S. Too lids cum on the foot thing an we aint got no use fur them so Ma is using wun fur a bredbord an we framed Pa's pitcher in the uther.

## What is a Cow?

A cow is a female quadruped with an alto voice and a countenance in which there is no guile. She collaborates with the pump in the production of a liquid called milk, provides the filler for hash, sausage, and similar objects and at last is skinned by those she has benefited, as mortals commonly are. The young cow is called a calf and is used in the manufacture of chicken salad, breaded veal, and for other purposes of which no further knowledge is necessary.

The cow's tail is mounted aft and has a universal joint. It is used to disturb marauding flies, and the tassel on the end has unique educational value. Persons coming in contact with the tassel have vocabularies of peculiar and impressive force.

The cow has two stomachs. The one on the ground floor is used as a warehouse and for no other function. When this one is filled, the cow retires to a quiet spot where her bad manners will occasion no comment. The raw material then conveyed for the second time to the interior of her face is pulverized and in turn delivered to the auxilliary stomach where it is converted into cow.

The cow has no upper plate. All of her teeth are parked in the lower part of her face. This arrangement was perfected by an efficiency expert to keep her from gumming things up. As a result, she bites up and gums down.

## Why?

If a felt manufacturer gets his felt twice a day  
And a leather dealer gets his hide every Tuesday and Thursday  
And an ice box gets a fresh piece every morning  
And a table cloth gets jerked off three times daily  
And a street car conductor will take any woman in town on for  
10 cents,  
And the boss has to get into the stenographers drawers to get  
lead in his pencil,  
And a mechanic screws a typewriter while the dentist puts tools  
in a woman's mouth for 50 cents,  
Why? Oh why the hell should a doctor charge \$3.00 for coming  
once?

First prize poem (not printed) in a Carnation  
canned milk contest held in down state California:

No more Goddamned teats to twitch,  
No more piles of shit to pitch,  
Just punch a hole in the son-of-a-bitch.

## Political Speech of a Prominent Woman to the Woman's Club

We must have what the men have. It may not be very much, but we mean to have it. If we can't get it without friction, then we will have it with friction. If we cannot get it through our organization, then we will get it through our combinations, or through both if necessary.

We refuse to be poked in the gallery any longer, and insist on being placed on the floor of the house.

We are willing to look up to the men, but we don't always want to be forced or held down without making a few motions of our own.

We want to hold up our end, and show men our possibilities whenever anything arises that will fill our expectations. Nothing that comes can be too hard for us.

We women have always been interested in good movements, and will take any load that is given us.

We are willing to work under the men that have been above us in the past--even to the point of exhaustion, if necessary--but we are beginning to become disgusted with failings and shortcomings.

Never, when anything arose that required our presence and attention, have we failed to come, again and again, if the occasion required it. But, too often have our hopes and strivings been met with feeble performances which have left us disappointed and unsatisfied. How often have our efforts to push forward our ends been met in the house with the cry, "Down with the petticoats!" Now I say, "Up with the petticoats--and down with the pants!" Then we shall see things in their true light. As long as women are split the way they are, the men will be on top.

### Sponge Cake

Use one banana, two nuts, one fur-lined mixing bowl,  
Take two arms full of well-formed mama,  
Two laughing blue eyes, two cherry lips,  
Squeeze until warm, add moonlight to taste,  
Then a little spooning to raise.  
When good and hot then add banana,  
Work up and down gently, when banana begins to cream  
then add nuts.  
The results will be astounding.  
Two rolling blue eyes, a sigh of relief and the work  
is done,  
Sit out on the back porch to cool.

## The Little Grey Lamb

A simple tale of long ago,  
How the little grey lamb became white as snow.

On Bethlehem's hills on a winter night,  
Shepherds kept watch in the cold star-light.  
The sheep, safely folded, were fast asleep:  
There was nought to trouble their slumber deep.  
But one little grey lamb was filled with woe,  
For he longed to be white as the winter snow.

Then sudden the heavens grew bright like noon,  
With a light which was neither of sun nor moon.  
And music rained down ineffably sweet,  
As the shepherds sprang to their trembling feet.

But the sheep slumbered on through that wonderful night,  
Save the little grey lamb who longed to be white.

Then forth from the skies came an angel's voice:  
"Good tidings, ye shepherds! God bids you rejoice.  
In Bethlehem's inn the Child ye shall see,  
Who is born to make all men happy and free."

Then swiftly they journeyed the Christ Child to find,  
And the little grey lamb followed closely behind.

From his little white heart rose a timid prayer:  
"Is it only for men, O Baby most fair,  
Thou hast cleansing from all that is sinful and bad?  
Wilt Thou not heal me and make me glad?"

So he followed the shepherds and entered with them,  
When they came to the stable of Bethlehem.

They entered, they worshipped, and homeward returned,  
While a solemn joy in their bosoms burned:  
But the little grey lamb nestled close in the hay,  
Quite close to the crib where the Baby lay.

And a tiny hand stole forth from the bed,  
And rested awhile on the little lamb's head.

At that touch there passed a wonderful thrill  
Through the lamb as he lay by the crib so still:  
He felt all his sadness melting away,  
As the night mists scatter at break of day.

The little grey lamb in that holy glow  
Knew he was white as the driven snow.

May the Christ Child today this blessing bestow,  
That the lambs of his flock be made whiter than snow!

## The Little Grey Goat

A simple tale for a Christmas bright  
How a little grey goat became black as the night.

On Bethlehem's hills on a winter night,  
The shepherds slept in their blankets tight,  
While all around them their herds slept too,  
Which seems the reasonable thing to do.

But one little grey goat lay wide awake,  
So woeful it seemed his heart must break.

Then sudden the heavens grew fiercely bright  
A most unusual thing at night,  
And down rained music, gentle and slow,  
As from an expensive radio.

But the herd slept on in its lazy way,  
All save the poor little goat who was grey.

Then forth from the skies came a baritone voice,  
"Effective at once, God bids you rejoice,  
In Bethlehem's inn a Child you should see,  
It really is worth it, admission is free."

So leaving their flocks they went on their way,  
And with them the poor little goat who was grey.

From his black little heart rose a black little prayer,  
"I'm rough and I'm tough and I don't like my hair,  
I'll never get nowhere with it on my back,  
I don't wanna be grey, I wanna be black."

So muttering thus he entered the stable,  
And pushed up in front to see all he was able.

The shepherds in worship knelt down at the bed,  
But the little grey goat wanted but be fed.  
So while all in reverence knelt in the dirt,  
The little grey goat ate the infant Christ's shirt,  
And was there a row when they rose from their prayer,  
To find their goat nibbling the child Jesus' hair!

At that touch there passed a wonderful shiver,  
That wracked the small goat from his horns to his liver,  
And all of his sadness melted to water,  
Like ice cubes sat on by somebody's daughter.

For there, all at once, to everyone's sight,  
The little grey goat became black as the night.

May you who Christmas verse peruse,  
Be black or white, whichever you choose.

Botanical Drivel  
(Original compositions of students  
in the Botany Department, U.C.)

Donwald

Billy was a little goat  
The Dr. got its glands  
He sewed 'em up in Donny Boy  
Now Donny eats tin cans!

Resemblance

Mary had a little goat  
She called it Donald G.  
When asked the reason for that name,  
"It looks like him," said she.

To Lloyd:

When young blades would a-hunting go  
They need not fret when game is slow  
The gun won't rust; there'll soon be more.  
But should the foray strike a "lode"  
Without some care steel may corrode  
So watch it lad! Don't slight the bore.

Suspect No. 6 (technically  
No. 6 and No. 7)

There was a pome in Adam's time  
That tempted lovely Eve to find  
The joys of God's forbidden fruit.  
Mary was a little lamb, not gay,  
Who always turned both cheeks they say  
And who am I to follow suit?

But Mary knows her Roses too  
Not two but Four--to you and you--  
And Mary was a lamb no more.  
O sinners all, confess your sins:  
The winner's he who finally wins;  
O worm within that apple core!

To Don:

Though Winter winds whistle,  
And Christmas is 'nigh  
The fragrance of flowers  
Still rises on high.

And since in one way  
You turn winter to June,  
Let's go it one better  
To keep things in tune.

And so if you've "got it"  
--And most boys seem to,  
It's time to pick cherries--  
Here's one for you.

O Cannoneer!  
(or Aisle of Quintuplets)

O Cannoneer!  
O lion who strews his manly strength  
Upon a willing outstretched length:  
Heat internal hard compressed  
By physic's laws is outward pressed;  
Before the uncocked gun can load,  
The powder next your face explode,  
And that expanded, does contract  
And leave behind this simple fact:

A very merry, marry hairy Christmas,  
you--(supply suitable salutation)

## Famous Books and their Authors

The Russian Lover. . . . .	Teratitsoff
The Spot on the Window. . . . .	Who Flung Dung
The Hole in the Snow. . . . .	I.P. Straight
The Golden Stream. . . . .	I.P. Freely
The Open Kimona. . . . .	C. Moore Marc <small>Sometime Hare</small>
The Mysterious Bag. . . . .	Nuts Hung Low
The Rooster's Mistake. . . . .	Rhoda Duck
The Tomcat's Revenge. . . . .	Claude Balls
Back to Back. . . . .	Willie Turner
The Great Exposé. . . . .	C.R. Butts
African <del>L</del> Maiden. . . . .	Erasmus B. Black
Hurricane Valley. . . . .	G. Howie Phartz

## Parody on Romona

Kimona, the wind is blowing 'round my knees,  
Kimona, if I don't find you, I'll darn soon freeze.  
I need you, I want you,  
I can't go home so naked and bare.  
I wish that I had brought  
A swimming suit or something to wear.

Kimona, the boys are hiding in the bushes tall,  
Kimona, they'll see my shape and that ain't all.  
If I go home  
I hope the cops will leave me alone,  
Kimona, I need you,  
My own.

## Limericks

A certain young toreador  
Had a date one night with a whore;  
As he slipped his tool in  
He remarked with a grin,  
"Is this a cunt or a correador?"

There was a young man from Madras  
Who had both his balls turn to brass;  
When he clanked them together  
He could play "Stormy Weather"  
And sparks would fly out of his ass.

There was a young fellow named Durkin  
Who was always jerkin' his gherkin;  
Said his mother, "Now Durkin,  
Stop jerkin' your gherkin,  
Your gherkin's for ferkin', not jerkin'."

There was a young man from Batavia  
Whose features resembled Our Savior;  
He walked down the strand  
With his cock in his hand  
And was jailed for indecent behavior.

There was a young girl from Cape Cod  
Who reasoned that kids came from God;  
. Though 'twas not the Almighty  
Who lifted her nighty  
But Roger, the lodger, by God!

There was a young lady from Brighton  
Who went out one night with a tight one;  
He said, "Oh my love,  
It fits like a glove."  
Said she, "--But you've not got the right one!"

There was a young girl from Decatur  
Who kept a gorilla to mate her;  
Though it wasn't for fun  
Nor with dreams of a son,  
But for anthropological dater.

There was a young girl from Peru  
Who said as the Bishop withdrew;  
"The Vicar is slicker  
And quicker and thicker,  
And two inches longer than you.

A handsome young fellow named Paul  
Had a penis excessively small;  
When he fluttered a bug  
On the edge of the rug  
The bug never felt it at all.

A choir boy from exeter quad  
Shouted, "Help! I've been buggered, by God!"  
Though it wasn't Jehovah  
Who turned the lad ovah  
But bloody old Oscar, the sod.

There once was a man named Adair  
Who was giving the works to a bear;  
When the terrible brute  
Took a swipe at his fruit  
And left nothing there but the hair.

There was a young lady from Chitchester  
With a form that made saints in their niches stir;  
One morning at mass  
The shape of her ass,  
Made the Bishop of Chitchester's breeches stir.

There once were two ladies from Birmingham  
And this is a story concerning them;  
They lifted the smock  
And tickled the jock  
Of the Bishop who was confirming them.

But the Bishop, he was no fool  
He'd been to a large public school;  
He took down his breeches  
And he fucked those two bitches  
With his large episcopal tool.

There was a young girl from Bermuda  
Who thought she was shrewd--I was shrewda.  
One night on the Lido  
She aroused my libido,  
I wooed, she cooed, I screwda.

There was a young man from New Broom  
Who led a young girl to her doom.  
He undressed her and fucked her;  
He buggered and sucked her,  
And then made her pay for the room.

The Maharaja of Baroda  
Would not pay his whore what he owed her.  
With her ass flaming red,  
She leaped from the bed,  
And pissed in his whiskey and soda.

There was a young man from St. Chasm  
Who had a terrific orgasm;  
In the midst of his thralls  
He burst both his balls,  
And covered an acre with plasm.

There was a young man from Bangkok  
Who tied mandolin strings to his jock;  
When he had an erection  
He'd play a selection,  
From Johann Sebastian Bach.

There was a young lady named Alice  
Who pissed in a Catholic Chalice;  
But it's common belief  
That 'twas done for relief  
And not out of Protestant malice.

From a crypt in the church of St. Giles,  
Came a cry that resounded for miles.  
Said a friar, "Good gracious!  
Our brother Ignacius,  
Has forgotten the Bishop has piles."

There was a young lady from France  
Who boarded a train in a trance;  
The engineer fucked her  
So did the conductor  
While the brakeman went off in his pants.

There once was a handsome young buck  
Who attempted a virgin to fuck;  
The hole was too small  
Where he put in his awl,  
And, sad to relate, he got stuck.

In the midst of this struggle and strife  
Her father walked into his life;  
With a furious yell,  
He severed them well,  
With the aid of a castrating knife.

A certain young girl from Seattle  
Made a habit of sucking off cattle;  
'Till a bull from the South  
Shot a wad in her mouth,  
That made even her ovaries rattle.

A habit obscure and unsavory  
Kept a man from Southampton in slavery  
With lecherous howls  
He deflowered young owls,  
Which he kept in an underground aviary.

While Titian was using rose-madder,  
His model was climbing a ladder;  
Her position, to Titian  
Suggested coition,  
So he climbed up the ladder and had her.

There was a Victorian miss  
Who thought it the acme of bliss;  
To rub herself silly  
With the bud of a lily,  
And go out in the garden and piss.

A lesbian girl from Khartoum  
Took a pansy boy up to her room;  
Before starting the night  
He said, "Let's get this right,  
Who does which, and with what, and to whom?"

There was a young plumber named Dee,  
Who was plumbing his girl by the sea;  
Said the girl, "Stop plumbing,  
I hear someone coming!"  
Said the plumber, still plumbing, "It's me."

There was a young man from Malay,  
Who fashioned a twat out of clay;  
But it wasn't so slick  
For it turned into brick,  
And took off his foreskin, they say.

There was an old hermit named Dave,  
Who kept a dead whore in a cave;  
He said, "I'll admit  
I'm a bit of a shit,  
But think of the money I save."

There was a young man from Racine  
Who invented a fucking machine,  
Both concave and convex  
It would fit either sex,  
And besides, it was easy to clean.

There was a young Bey from Algiers  
Who said to his harem, "My dears,  
I know you'll think it odd of me,  
But I've given up sodomy,  
Tonight I'll have fucking." --Loud Cheers!

There was a young lady from Spain  
Who was ravished again and again;  
And again and again  
And again and again  
And again and again and again.

There was a young lady from Wheeling  
Who had a delirious feeling,  
She lay on her back  
And opened her crack,  
And pissed all over the ceiling.

There was a young Dutchman from Kent  
Whose prick was so long that it bent;  
So to save himself trouble  
He put it in double,  
And instead of coming, he went.

There was a young man from Nantucket  
Whose cock was so long he could suck it;  
Said he with a grin  
As he wiped off his chin,  
"If my ear were a cunt, I could fuck it."

There was a young fellow from Basal  
Who found a remarkable fossil;  
He knew by the bend  
And the kink in the end,  
It was that of St. Paul, the Apostle.

There was a young couple named Kelley  
Who were forced to walk belly to belly;  
Because in their haste  
They used library paste  
Instead of petroleum jelly.

There was a cocksucker named Leif  
Who pushed the skin back with his teeth;  
    He adopted this measure  
        Not only for pleasure,  
But to get at the cheese underneath.

There was a young man from Dundee,  
Who buggered an ape up a tree;  
    The result was most horrid  
        All chin and no forehead,  
Three balls, and a purple goatee.

There was a young lady named Rhoda  
Who lived in a chinese pagoda;  
    And the walls of its halls  
        Were bedecked with the balls  
Of the tools of the fools who bestrode 'er.

On the bridge stood the Bishop of Buckingham  
Thinking of teats and of sucking 'em;  
    Watching the stunts  
        Of the cunts in the punts,  
And the tricks of the pricks who were fucking them.

There was a young man of St. Claire,  
Who diddled his girl in a chair,  
    On the forty-ninth stroke  
        The furniture broke,  
And his gun went off in the air.

There was a young girl from Detroit  
Who at fucking was very adroit;  
    She could contract her vagina  
        To a pin point or fina  
Or throw it out wide like a quoit.

There was a young monk from Siberia,  
Whose life got wearia and wearia;  
    With a whoop and a yell  
        He escaped from his cell,  
And buggered the father superia.

There was a young man from Cape Horn  
Who wished he had never been borne;  
    And he wouldn't have been  
        If his father had seen  
That the end of the condum was torn.

There was a young fellow named Hyde  
Who fell in an outhouse and died;  
    He had a brother  
    Who fell in another,  
And now they're in terd side by side.

There was a young man from Salinas  
Who boasted a very long penis,  
    And believe it or not  
    When he lay on a cot,  
It would stretch from Suisun to Bolinas.

There was a young lady from Reno  
Who lost all her dough playing keeno;  
    So she lay on her back  
    And opened her crack,  
And now she owns the casino.

Said the beautiful Madam Lepescu,  
As she came to Rumania's rescue,  
    "To be under a King  
    Is a very fine thing;  
Is democracy better, I ask you?"

A young man of high social station  
Was found by a pious relation;  
    On top, in a ditch,  
    Of, we won't say a bitch,  
But a person of no education.

There once was a fellow named Skinner  
Who invited a young girl to dinner,  
    At his rooms, they arranged  
    That the project be changed  
So not dinner but Skinner went in her.

There was a young lady named Schuster  
Who thought some one had seduced her  
    She woke with a scream,  
    But 'twas only a dream,  
A bump in the mattress had goosed her.

There was a comptroller named Mattis  
Who by our testicles had us,  
    "If you don't suck my cock,  
    I'll tell Mrs. Bok,  
And you'll never get anything gratis."

There was a young couple from Twi~~s~~ with  
Who coupled the organs they ~~kissed~~ with  
    And as they grew older,  
        They grew bolder and bolder  
    And coupled the organs they pissed with.

I am the king of Siam  
For women I give not a damn  
    My prride and my joy  
        Is a rrround bottomed boy,  
    They call me a fairy--I am.

On the breast of Charlotte the Harlot  
Was printed the price of her tail  
    And on her behind,  
        For the aid of the blind  
    It was also printed in braille.

A bishop named Father McGee  
Went down in an alley to pee.  
    He said, "Pax Vobiscum,  
        Why doesn't the piss come?"  
    "Or have I the C-L-A-P?"

A certain young student of art,  
Made a large anatomical chart;  
    Though his style was quite cubic  
        His interest was pubic,  
    So it turned out to look like a tart.

Said the charming young Sappho of Greece,  
"The thing I love more than a piece,  
    Is to have my pudenda  
        Carressed by the tender  
    Affectionate tongue of my niece."

A charming young student of John's  
One day was coddling the swans  
    Said the loyal hall porter,  
        "Sir, pray take my daughter,  
    The swans are reserved for the dons."

There was a young person named Barrage  
Whose morals were much to disparage  
    He knocked up his mother  
        And sucked off his brother,  
    And lapped up his sister's miscarriage.

In the Garden of Eden lay Adam,  
Caressing the loins of his madam.  
In his heart there was mirth  
For in all this wide earth,  
There were only two balls,---and he had 'em.

I went to the Duchess for tea  
She said, "Do you fart when you pee?"  
I replied with some wit,  
"Do you belch when you shit?"  
And thought it was one up for me.

There was a young girl from Boston Mass  
Who went into the ocean up to her ankles.  
I know it doesn't rhyme now,  
But just wait until the tide comes in.

There was a young man from the War Office  
Who dated a girl from a Whore Office.  
The girl without pause  
Drew off her drawers,  
And the man from the War Office tore off his.

There was a young nudist from Putnam  
Whose tool caught in doors upon shuttin' 'em.  
He said that, "Perchance,  
It would help to wear pants  
If I just could remember to button 'em.

There was a young fellow from Boston  
Who took his girl out in an Austin.  
There was room for the lass  
And for part of his ass  
But his balls hung out back and he lost 'em.

There once was a man from Podjuanami  
Who was skilled both at rape and at sodomy  
To the judge at his trial  
He said with a smile,  
"Dos tings, dey just never do boddere me."

There was a young woman of Sparta  
Who was a most excellent farter.  
She could toot with her ass  
Bach's B minor Mass  
Or Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

A lass of doubtful nativity  
Had an ass of extreme sensitivitiy.  
She could sit on the lap  
Of a Nazi or Jap  
And detect fifth column activity.

A president called Gambetta  
Once used an imperfect French ~~letter~~,  
This was not the worst,  
With disease he got cursed  
And he took a long time to get better.

There was a young girl from Vistula  
To whom a friend said "Jeff has kissed you, ha!"  
She said "Yes by god!  
But my arse he can't sod,  
Because I am troubled with fistula."

There was an old Chinaman drunk  
Who went for a sail in his junk,  
He was dreaming of Venus  
And tickling his penis,  
'Til he floated away in the spunk.

There was a young man of Kashmir  
Who purchased a fine Bayadere;  
He fucked all her toes,  
Her mouth, eyes, and her nose  
And eventually poxed her left ear.

There was a young party of Bicester  
Who wanted to bugger his sister,  
But not liking dirt  
He bought him a squirt,  
And cleaned out her arse with a clyster.

There was a young man of King's Cross,  
Who amused himself frigging a horse,  
Then, licking the spend  
Which still dripped from the end,  
He said "It tastes just like anchovy sauce."

There is a new Baron of Wokingham  
The girls say he don't care fer poking 'em.  
Preferring "Minetti";  
Which is pleasant, but yet  
There is one disadvantage, his choking 'em.

There was an Archbishop of Rhiems  
Who played with himself in his dreams;  
    On his night-shirt in front  
        He painted a cunt,  
Which made his spend gush forth in streams.

There was a young man of Newminister Court  
Buggered a pig, but his prick was too short;  
    Said the hog "It's not nice,  
        But pray take my advice,  
Make tracks or by the police you'll be caught."

A parson who lived near Cremorne  
Looked down on all women with scorn.  
    E'en a boy's fat white bum  
        Could not make him come;  
But an old man's piles gave him a horn.

A cheerful old part of Hucknow  
Remarked "I should just like a fuck now."  
    So he had one and spent  
        And said "I'm content;  
By no means am I so cunt-struck now.

There was a young man of Peru  
Who lived upon clap juice and spew  
    When these palled to his taste  
        He tried some turd paste  
And said that was very good, too.

There was a young girl of Ostend  
Who her maidenhead tried to defend,  
    But a Chasseur D'Afrique  
        Inserted his prick  
And taught that ex-maid how to spend.

There was a young man from Calcutta  
Who tried to write "Cunt" on a shutter.  
    When he got to C-U  
        A pious Hindu  
Knocked him arse over head in the gutter.

There was a young man from Ostend  
Whose wife caught him fucking a friend.  
    "It's no use my duck  
        Interrupting our fuck  
For I'm damned if I'll draw 'til I spend.

There was a young man of Wood Green  
Who tried to fart "God save the Queen"  
When he reached the soprano  
He shot forth his guano  
And his breeches weren't fit to be seen.

There was a young lady of Troy  
Who invented a new kind of joy.  
She sugared her quim  
Both outside and in,  
And then had it licked by a boy.

There was a young man of Santander  
Who tried hard to bugger a gander,  
But the virtuous bird  
Plugged his prick with a turd  
And refused to such low tastes to pander.

There was a young farmer of Nant  
Whose conduct was gay and gallant;  
He fucked all his dozens  
Of nieces and cousins  
In addition, of course, to his aunt.

There was an old man of Tantivy  
Who followed his son to the privy;  
He lifted the lid  
To see what he did,  
And found that it smelt of capivi.

There was a young man of this Nation  
Who didn't much like fornication;  
When asked, "Do you fuck?"  
He said, "No, I just suck  
Womens' quims, and I like masturbation."

There was an old person named Sark  
Who buggered a pig in the dark;  
The swine, in surprise  
Murmured, "God damn your eyes,  
Do you take me for Boulton or Park?"

There was a young lady of Gaza  
Who shaved her cunt clean with a razor;  
The crabs in a lump  
Made tracks to her rump,  
Which proceeding did greatly amaze her.

There was a young lass of Surat  
The checks of whose arse were so fat  
They had to be parted  
Whenever she farted  
And also, whenever she shat.

There was a young parson of Elton  
Who seldom fucked whores, but oft felt 'em;  
In the lane he would linger  
And play at "stick-finger"  
And then on the way home he smelt 'em.

There was a gay parson of Looting  
Whose roe he was frequently shooting  
'Til he married a lass  
With a face like my ass  
And a cunt you could put a top-boot in.

A learned divine down at Buckingham  
Wrote a treatise on cunts and on fucking 'em;  
And a learned Pharisee  
Taught him Gamahuche  
So he added a chapter on sucking 'em.

There was a young lady of Harrow  
Who complained that her cunt was too narrow;  
For times without number  
She would use a cucumber  
But could not accomplish a marrow.

There was a young lady of Glasgow  
And fondly her lover did ask "Oh  
Pray allow me a fuck."  
But she said, "No, my duck,  
But you may, if you please, up my arse go."

There was a young man with the art  
Of making a capital tart  
With a handful of shit  
Some snot and some spit,  
And he'd flavor the whole with a fart.

There was a young lady of Treedle  
Who sat down in Church on a needle;  
The needle, not blunt,  
Penetrated her cunt,  
But was promptly removed by the Beadle.

There was a young girl of Newcastle  
Whose charms were declared universal;  
    While one man in front  
        Fucked into her cunt,  
Another one worked on her arsehole.

There was a young parson of Goring  
Who made a small hole in the flooring;  
    He lined it all 'round  
        Then laid on the ground,  
And declared it was cheaper than whoring.

There was a young lass of Dalkeeth  
Who frigged a young man with her teeth  
    She complained that he stunk  
        Not so much from the spunk,  
But his arsehole was just underneath.

There was a young Jew of Torbay  
Who buggered his father one day;  
    Said he "I'd much rather  
        Thus bugger my father  
Because there is nothing to pay."

There was a gay parson of Norton  
Whose prick, although thick, was a short 'un;  
    To make up for this loss  
        He had balls like a hoss,  
And never spent less than a quart-urn.

There was a young man at the Cape  
On a maiden committed a rape;  
    She said, "You damned shit,  
        You can't fuck a bit,  
And you're knocking my arse out of shape."

There was a young parson of Harridge  
Tried to grind his betrothed in a carriage;  
    She said, "No, you young goose,  
        Just try self abuse,  
And the other we'll save 'til our marriage."

There was a young man of St. Paul's  
Who had the most useless of balls;  
    'Til at last, at the Strand,  
        He managed a stand,  
And tossed himself off in the stalls.

There was a young man of Berlin  
Whom disease had despoiled of his skin;  
    But he said with much pride  
    "Though deprived of my hide,  
I still can enjoy a put in."

There was a young woman of Cheedle  
Who once gave the clap to a Beadle.  
    Said she, "Does it itch?"  
    "It does, you damned bitch,  
And it burns like hell-fire when I peedle.

There was a young man of Rangoon  
Who farted and filled a balloon;  
    The balloon went so high  
    It stuck in the sky,  
And stank out the Man-in-the-Moon.

There was a young man dressed in tweed  
Who sucked his wife's arse through a reed;  
    When she had diarrhea  
    He'd let none come near her  
For fear they would poach on his feed.

There was an old man of Balbriggan  
Who cunt juice was frequently swiggin'  
    But even to this  
    He preferred tom-cats' piss,  
Which he kept a poxed nigger to frig in.

A cabman who drove in Biarritz  
Once frightened a fare into fits;  
    When reproved for a fart,  
    He said, "God bless yer heart,  
When I breaks wind I usually shits."

A young woman got married at Chester  
Her mother she kissed and she blessed her  
    She said "You're in luck,  
    He's a stunning good fuck,  
For I've had him myself down in Liecester.

There was a young fellow from Rheims  
Who was greatly annoyed by wet dreams  
    So he saved up a dozen  
    To send to his cousin  
She ate them and thought they were creams.

There was a young fellow from Florida  
Who liked a man's wife so he borrowed her.  
    He said with a sigh,  
    With his hand on her thigh,  
"This isn't a cunt, it's a corridor."

There was a strong man of Drunrig  
Who one day did seven times frig;  
    He buggered three sailors,  
    A jew and two tailors,  
And ended by fucking a pig.

There was an Old Man of the Mountain  
Who frigged himself into a fountain;  
    Fifteen times had he spent  
    Still he wasn't content,  
He simply was wearied of countin'.

There was a young man of Nantucket  
Who went down a well in a bucket;  
    The last words he spoke  
    Before the rope broke,  
Were: "Arsehole, you bugger and suck it."

There was an old man of Connort  
Whose prick was remarkably short  
    When he got into bed,  
    His old woman said,  
"This isn't a prick, it's a wart."

There was a gay countess of Bray  
And you might think it odd when I say,  
    That in spite of high station,  
    Birth, and education,  
She always spelt "cunt" with a "K".

There was an old parson of Lundy  
Fell asleep in his vestry on Sunday;  
    He awake with a scream  
    "What! Another wet dream!"  
This comes of not frigging since Monday.

There was a young bride of Antigua  
Whose husband said, "Dear me, how big you are."  
    Said the girl "What damned rot!  
    Why, you've oft felt my twat,  
My legs, and my arse, and my figua."

Il y avait un jeune homme de Dijon,  
Que n'avait que peu de religion.

Il dit: "Quant à moi,  
Je déteste tous les trois,  
Le Père, et le Fils, et le Pigeon--

There was a young girl of Spitzbergen,  
Whose people all thought her a virgin,  
Till they found her in bed,  
With her quim very red,  
And the head of a kid just emergin'.

There was an old man at the Terminus,  
Whose bush and whose bum were all verminous.  
They said: "You sale Boche!  
You really must wash  
Before you start planting your sperm in us."

There was a young plumber of Leigh,  
Who was plumbing a girl by the sea.  
When she said, "Some one's coming!"  
He answered (still plumbing):  
"If any one's coming, it's me."

There was an old girl from Kilkenny,  
Whose usual charge was a penny.  
For the half of that sum  
You might roger her bum--  
A source of amusement to many.

That naughty old Sappho of Greece  
Said: "What I prefer to a piece  
Is to have my pudenda  
Rubbed hard by the enda  
The little pink nose of my niece."

There were two young men of Cawnpore,  
Who buggared and fucked the same whore.  
But the partition split,  
And the spunk and the shit  
Rolled out in great lumps on the floor.

There was a young girl of Pitlochry,  
Who was had by a man in a rockery.  
She said: "Oh! You've come  
All over my bum;  
This isn't a fuck--it's a mockery."

There was a young lady at sea,  
Who complained that it hurt her to pee.

Said the brawny old mate:

"That accounts for the fate  
Of the cook, and the captain, and me."

There was a young man of Newcastle,  
Who tied up a shit in a parcel,  
And sent it to Spain  
With a note to explain  
That it came from his grandmother's arsell.

There was a young mate of a lugger,  
Who took out a girl just to hug her.  
"I've my monthlies," she said,  
"And a cold in the head,  
But my bowels work well....do you buggar?"

There was a young woman who lay  
With her legs wide apart in the hay.  
Then, calling a ploughman,  
She said: "Do it now, man!  
Don't wait till your hair has turned grey!"

There was a young man of Devizes,  
Whose balls were of different sizes.  
One was so small,  
It was nothing at all;  
The other took numerous prizes.

There was a young man of Australia,  
Who painted his bum like a dahlia.  
The drawing was fine,  
The color divine,  
The scent--ah! That was a failure.

There was a young man of Bengal,  
Who went to a fancy-dress ball.  
Just for a whim  
He dressed up as a quim,  
And was had by the dog in the hall.

There was an old man of Brienz,  
The length of whose cock was immense.  
With one swerve he could plug  
A boy's bottom in Zug  
And a kitchen-maid's cunt in Coblenz.

There was an old man of Corfu,  
Who fed upon cunt-juice and spew.  
When he couldn't get this,  
He fed upon piss--  
And a bloody good substitute, too.

There was a young lady of Kew,  
Who said, as the curate withdrew:  
"I prefer the dear vicar;  
He's longer and thicker;  
Besides, he comes quicker than you."

There was a young girl of Penzance,  
Who boarded a bus in a trance.  
The passengers fucked her,  
Likewise the conductor;  
The driver shot off in his pants.

There was an old man of the Cape,  
Who buggared a Barbary ape.  
The ape said, "You fool!  
You've got a square tool;  
You've buggared my arse out of shape."

There was an old man of Stamboul  
With a varicose vein in his tool.  
In attempting to come  
Up a little boy's bum  
It burst, and he did look a fool.

There was a young curate of Buckingham,  
Who was blamed by the girls for not fucking 'em.  
He said: "Though my cock  
Is as hard as a rock,  
Your cunts are too slack. Put a tuck in 'em."

There was a young lady of Twickenham,  
Who regretted that men had no prick in 'em.  
On her knees every day  
To God she would pray  
To lengthen, and strengthen, and thicken 'em.

There was an old Abbot of Khief,  
Who thought the Impenitent Thief  
Had bollocks of brass,  
And an amethyst arse.  
He died in this awful belief.

There was a young fellow called Grant,  
Who was made like the Sensitive Plant.

When asked: "Do you fuck?"

He replied: "No such luck!"  
I would if I could, but I can't."

There was a young girl of Samoa,  
Who determined that no one should know her.

One young fellow tried,  
But she wriggled aside,  
And spilled all the spermatozoa.

There was a young lady of Thun,  
Who was blocked by the Man in the Moon.

"Well, it has been great fun,"  
She remarked when he'd done,  
"But I'm sorry you came quite so soon."

There was an old man who could piss  
Through a ring--and, what's more, never miss.

People came by the score  
And bellowed: "Encore!  
Won't you do it again, Sir? Bis! Bis!"

There was a young man of Peru,  
Who was hard up for something to do.

So he took out his carrot,  
And buggared his parrot,  
And sent the results to the Zoo.

There was a young monk of Siberia,  
Who of frigging grew weary and wearier.

At last, with a yell,  
He burst from his cell,  
And buggared the Father Superior?

There was a young lady of Slough,  
Who said that she didn't know how.

Then a young fellow caught her,  
And jolly well taught her--  
She lodges in Pimlico now.

There was a young Royal Marine,  
Who tried to fart, "God save the Queen."

When he reached the soprano  
Out came the guano,  
And his breeches weren't fit to be seen.

There was a young girl who would make  
Advances to snake after snake.

She said: "I'm not vicious,  
But so superstitious!  
I do it for Grandmama's sake."

There was an old man of Madrid,  
Who cast loving eyes on a kid.

He said: "Oh, my joy!  
I'll buggar that boy  
You see if I don't." --and he did.

There was a young fellow called Gary,  
Who got fucking the Virgin Mary.

And Christ was so bored  
At seeing Ma whored  
That he set himself up as a fairy.

There was a young lady named Skinner,  
Who dreamed that her lover was in her.

She woke with a start,  
And let a loud fart,  
Which was followed by luncheon and dinner.

I dined with the Duchess of Lee,  
Who asked: "Do you fart when you pee?"

I said with some wit:  
"Do you belch when you shit?"  
And felt it was one up to me.

There was an old buggar of Come,  
Who suddenly cried: "Ecce Homo!"

He tracked his man down  
To the heart of the town,  
And gobbled him off in the duomo.

Said the venerable Dean of St. Paul's:  
"Concerning them cracks in the walls--  
Do you think it would do,  
If we filled them with glue?"  
The Bishop of Lincoln said: "Balls!"

There was a young man of Peru,  
Who dreamt he was had by a Jew.

He woke up at night  
In the Hell of a fright,  
And found it was perfectly true.

There was a young man of Madras,  
Who was having a boy in the grass,  
"When a cobra-capello  
Said: "Hello, young fellow!"  
And bit a piece out of his arse.

There was a young lady of Louth,  
Who returned from a trip in the South.  
Her father said: "Nelly,  
There's more in your belly  
Than ever went in at your mouth."

The girls who frequent picture-palaces  
Set no store by psychoanalysis.  
And though Mr. Freud  
Is greatly annoyed,  
They cling to their old-fashioned phalluses.

There was a young man of Loch Leven,  
Who went for a walk about seven.  
He fell into a pit  
That was brimful of shit,  
And now the poor buggar's in Heaven.

Then up spake the Bey of Algiers:  
"I am old and well striken in years,  
And my language is blunt;  
But a cunt is a cunt,  
And fucking is fucking."--(loud cheers)

Then up spake the young King of Spain:  
"To fuck and to buggar is pain.  
But it's not infra dig.  
On occasion to frig,  
And I do it again and again.

There was a young lady of Treedle  
Who sat down in church on a needle,  
    The needle, not blunt,  
    Penetrated her cunt,  
But was promptly removed by the beadle.

There was a young girl of Newcastle  
Whose charms were declared universal  
    While one man in front  
    Fucked into her cunt,  
Another one worked on her arsehole.

There was a young parson of Goring  
Who made a small hole in the flooring,  
    He lined it all 'round,  
    Then laid on the ground  
And declared it was cheaper than whoring.

There was a young lass of Dalkeeth  
Who frigged a young man with her teeth.  
    She complained that he stunk  
    Not so much from the spunk,  
But his arsehole was just underneath.

There was a young Jew of Torbay  
Who buggered his father one day.  
    Said he "I'd much rather  
    Thus bugger my father  
Because there is nothing to pay."

There was a gay parson of Norton  
Whose prick, although thick, was a short 'un.  
    To make up for this loss  
    He had balls like a hoss,  
And never spent less than a quart-urn.

There was a young lady named Alice  
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus.  
    They found her vagina  
    In North Carolina  
And part of her anus near Dallas.

There was a young man named DeVries  
Who was necking his girl on his knees.  
    He said, "When we kiss,  
    You may hold on to this,  
But be very careful of these."

A boy and a girl from St. Stephen  
A phone booth used for some teamin'.  
    He made his connection,  
    A super-erection,  
They drowned in eight feet of semen.

There was a young monk from Siberia  
Whose morals were slightly inferior  
    He did to a nun  
    What he shouldn't have done,  
And now she's a mother Superior.

A blasphemous bucko named Boke  
Thought civilization a joke  
    Said he, "Clothes primeval  
    Are the cure for all evil,  
If I don't shed this necktie, I'll choke."

There was a young bishop of Birmingham  
Who ravished young girls while confirming 'em.  
    With liturgical chants,  
    He would lower their pants  
And inject the episcopal sperm in 'em.

A pallid young man of Great Falls  
Read Harpers Bazaar and McCall's.  
    And, filled with a passion  
    For the Haute monde of fashion  
He knitted a snood for his balls.

There was a young lady of Natchez  
Whose clothing was always in patches  
    When acquaintances made comments  
    On the state of her garments  
She said, "Where I itches, I scratches."

There was a young lady of Bangor  
Who slept in a schooner at anchor.  
    She awoke in dismay  
    To hear the mate say,  
"Let's raise up the top sheet and spanker."

A young nurse and a colonel named Crandall  
To be sure and avoid a great scandal  
    Each took a drink,  
    He pulled off in the sink  
And she diddled herself with a candle.

A pretty young blond named Nehru  
Decided to learn how to screw.  
After two weeks of friggin  
With Joseph McGiggen  
She found that she'd learned nothing new.

There was a young lady from Sidney  
Who could take it clear up to her kidney  
A young man from Quebec  
Pushed it up to her neck  
Now he had a big one, didn't he?

There was a young girl from Seattle  
Whose pleasure wa's sucking off cattle  
But a bull from the south  
got it stuck in her mouth  
And made both of her ovaries rattle.

There was a young lady named Blaine  
Whose face gas exceedingly plain,  
But her ass had a pucker  
That made the boys fuck 'er  
Again and again and again.

There was a young fellow from Sparta  
Who was a phenomenal farter  
On one plate of beans,  
He'd play "God save the Queen"  
And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

There was a young lady of Thrace  
Whose corsets grew harder to lace.  
Her mother said, "Nellie,  
There's more in your belly.  
Than ever came in through your face."

There was a young fellow named Hansel  
Whose tool was as sharp as a pencil  
He went through his mistress,  
Two sheets, and a mattress  
And punctured the bedroom utensil.

There was a young fellow named Tencil  
Whose penis was sharp as a pencil  
He went through an actress,  
Two sheets and a mattress  
And fractured the bedroom utensil.

There was a young maid of Samoa  
Who allowed her best boy-friend to know her;  
    At the height of his stride  
        She slipped deftly aside  
    And spilled all his spermatozoa.

There was a young lady at Sea  
Who found it grew painful to pee;  
    "Aha!" said the mate,  
        "That accounts for the state  
    Of the Captain, the Purser, and Me!"

There was a young fellow named Milda  
Who met a young lady named Hilda.  
    He said that he could,  
        And he should, and he would.  
    And he did, and he goddam near killed her.

There once was a maid from Siam  
Who said to her love, young Kiam:  
    "If you make me, of course  
        You will have to use force,  
    But God knows you're stronger than I am."

A clandestine lady named Maude  
Managed to earn room and board.  
    Someone asked on the sly  
        How she ever got by.  
    She replied, "It's quite simple, I hoard."

I once had a classmate named Guesser  
Whose knowledge got lesser and lesser,  
    It at last grew so small  
        He knew nothing at all--  
    And now he's a college professor.

A Bostonian sub-deb named Brooks,  
Whose hobby was reading sex books,  
    Ensnared her a Cabot  
        Who looked like a rabbit  
    And deftly lived up to his looks.

A young girl of doubtful nativity  
Had an ass of extreme sensitivity  
    She could sit on the lap  
        Of a Nazi or Jap  
    And detect fifth column activity.

There was a young man from Calcutta  
Who greased up his tonsils with butter  
    Thus converting his snore  
        From a horrible roar  
To a soft oleaginous mutter.

There was a young bride of Antigua  
Whose husband said "Dear me, how big you are."  
    Said the girl, "What damned rot!  
        Why, you've oft felt my twat,  
            My legs and my arse, and my figua."

There was a strong man of Drumrig  
Who one day did seven times frig.  
    He buggered four sailors,  
        A couple of tailors,  
            And ended by fucking a pig.

There was an Old Man of the Mountain  
Who jacked himself into a fountain.  
    Fifteen times had he spent,  
        Still he wasn't content.  
            He simply got tired of countin'.

There was an old man of Connort  
Whose prick was remarkably short  
    When he got into bed,  
        His old woman said,  
            "This isn't a prick, it's a wart."

There was an old parson of Lundy  
Fell asleep in his vestry on Sunday.  
    He awoke with a scream,  
        "What! Another wet dream!  
            This comes of not 'frigging since Monday."

There was a young man from the Cape  
On a maiden committed a rape.  
    She said "You damned shit,  
        You can't fuck a bit,  
            And you're knocking my arse out of shape.

There was a yound fellow named Harridge  
Tried to grind his betrothed in a carriage  
    She said "No, you young goose,  
        Just try self abuse,  
            And the other we'll save 'til our marriage."

There was a young man of St. Paul's  
Possessed the most useless of balls  
'Til at last, at the Strand,  
He managed a stand,  
And tossed himself off in the stalls.

There was a young man of Berlin  
Whom disease had despoiled of his skin  
But he said with much pride,  
"Though deprived of my hide,  
I still can enjoy a put in."

There was a young woman of Cheedle  
Who once gave the clap to a beadle,  
Said she "Does it itch?"  
"It does, you damned bitch,  
And it burns like hell-fire when I piddle."

There was a young man of Rangoon  
Who farted and filled a balloon  
The balloon went so high  
It stuck in the sky  
And stank out the Man in the Moon.

There was a young man dressed in tweed  
Who sucked his wife's arse through a reed.  
When she had diarrhoea  
He'd let none come hear her  
For fear they would poach on his feed.

There was an old man of Balbriggan  
Who cunt-juice was frequently swiggin'  
But even to this  
He preferred tom-cats' piss,  
Which he kept a poxed nigger to frig in.

A cabman who drove in Biarritz  
Once frightened a fare into fits.  
When reproved for a fart,  
He said, "God bless yer heart,  
When I breaks wind I usually shits."

A young woman got married at Chester  
Her mother she kissed and she blessed her.  
She said "You're in luck,  
He's a stunning good fuck,  
For I've had him myself down in Liecester."

There was a young fellow from Rheims  
Who was greatly annoyed by wet dreams.  
So he saved up a dozen  
To send to his cousin.  
She ate them and thought they were creams.

There was a young fellow from Florida  
Who liked a man's wife so he borrowed her.  
He said with a sigh,  
And his hand on her thigh,  
"This isn't a cunt, it's a corridor!"

There was a young man from Calais  
Who took his girl out in a sleigh,  
The affair was quite spicy  
But his balls were so icy  
That all he could shoot was parfait.

There was a young lady named Corrigan  
Who was mistress to J. Pierpont Morgan.  
But she handed the banker  
A terrible shanker,  
And now she's just a plain whore again.

There was a young gaucho named Bruno  
Who said, "Love is one thing I do know,  
The sheep, she is fine,  
The woman--divine!  
But the llama es numero uno!"

There was a young man from Rangoon  
Whose farts could be heard on the moon,  
They'd roar down his rectum,  
When he least would expect 'em,  
And burst like an Indian typhoon.

There was an old woman named Vick  
Who was sucking a coal heaver's prick,  
She said, "I don't funk  
At a mouthfull of spunk,  
But the small of your arse makes me sick."

There was a young man from Rangoon  
Who was born seven months too soon  
He hadn't the luck  
To be born from a fuck,  
But was scraped from the sheet with a spoon.

There was a young lady from Exeter  
And all the young men craned their necks at her.  
    But one more brave,  
    Would take out and wave  
The distinguishing sign of his sex at her.

There was a young lady of Glasgow  
And fondly her lover did ask, "Oh  
    Pray allow me a fuck."  
    But she said, "No, my duck,  
But you may, if you please, up my arse go."

There was a young man with the art  
Of making a marvellous tart  
    With a handfull of shit,  
    Some snot and some spit,  
And he'd flavor the whole with a fart.

There was a young parson of Elton  
Who seldom fucked whores, but oft felt 'em.  
    In the lane he would linger  
    And play at "stick-finger"  
And then on the way home he smelt 'em.

There was a gay parson of Looting  
Whose roe he was frequently shooting  
    'Til he married a lass  
    With a face like my arse  
And a cunt you could put a top-boot in.

There was a young fellow from Boston  
Who bought himself an old Austin  
    He had room for his ass  
    And a gallon of gas,  
But his balls hung down and he lost 'em.

There was a young man from Bombay  
Who liked to jack off in a sleigh  
    The air was so frigid  
    It froze his balls figid  
And all he could shoot was frappe.

There was a young man named Adair  
Who was screwing his girl on the stair  
    On the 29th stroke  
    The bannister broke  
So he polished her off in midair.

There was a woman from Worcester  
Who thought a GI had seduced her.

She awoke with a scream  
And found in her dream  
A loose spring in the mattress had goosed her.

There was a young lady named Wilde  
Who kept herself pure, undefiled  
By thinking of Jesus  
The social diseases  
And what she would do with a child.

There was a young man from Cape Horn  
Who wished that he'd never been born  
And he wouldn't have been  
But the rubber was thin  
And in one little place it was torn.

There was a young man from Biarritz  
Who planted an acre of tits  
They came up in the fall  
Pink nipples and all  
And he leisurely chewed them to bits.

There was a young man from Deprises  
Whose balls were of different sizes.  
One was so small  
It was nothing at all  
And the other took numerous prizes.

There was a young bishop from Dee  
Who stood taking a pee neath a tree  
He said, "Pax vobiscum,  
I can't make the piss come,  
I must have the C-L-A-P."

There was a young count from Slavoda  
Who wouldn't pay a whore what he owed her  
So with great savoir faire  
She mounted a chair  
And pissed in his whiskey and soda.

There was a young man from St. Paul  
Whose tool was exceedingly small  
It was all right for key holes  
And little girls pee holes  
But for fucking it was no good at all.

There was a young whore from Australia  
Who painted her twat like a dahlia

The colors were fine  
In symmetric design  
But the smell was a horrible failure.

There was a young lady of fashion  
Who had oodles and oodles of passion

As she jumped into bed  
To her lover she said  
"This is one thing that bastard can't ration."

There was a young man from Rabaul  
Who had a heptagonal ball.

The sum of its weight  
Times the square root of eight  
Was equal to no ball at all.

A sexy young lady from Ransom  
Had forty affairs with her handsome.

When she asked for some more  
A voice from the floor  
Said, "Lady, I'm Simpson, not Sampson."